King Thy paines Fitz.ſhal not be forgot.
Right noble is thy merit well I wot.
Enter H. Percie. *Percie* The graund conſpirator Abbot of Weſtminſter,
With clogge of conſcience and ſowre melancholie,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue:
But here is Carleil liuing,to abide
Thy kingly doome,and ſentence of his pride,
King Carleil,this is your doome,
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place,ſome reuerent roome
More then thou haſt,and with it ioy thy life:
So as thou liu'ſt in peace,die free from ſtrife,
For though mine enemie thou haſt euer beene,
High ſparks of honour in thee haue I ſeene.
Enter Exton with the Coffin. *Exton* Great King,within this coffin I preſent
Thy buryed feare: herein al breathleſſe lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of Burdeaux,by me hither brought.
King Exton I thanke thee not,for thou haſt wrought
A deede of ſlaughter with thy fatal hand,
Vpon my head and al this famous land.
Exton From your owne mouth my Lord did I this deed.
king They loue not poiſon that do poiſon neede,
Nor do I thee,though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murtherer,loue him murthered:
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word,nor princely fauour,
With Caine go wander through the ſhade of night,
And neuer ſhew thy head by day nor light.
Lords I proteſt my ſoule is ful of woe,
That bloud ſhould ſprinckle me to make mee grow:
Come mourne with mee,for what I do lament;
And put on ſullein blacke incontinent,
Ile make a voyage to the holy land,
To waſh this bloud off from my guilty hand,
March ſadly after,grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

FINIS.